



# METHODIST PROTESTANT.

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EDITED BY GAMALIEL BAILEY, M. D.—PUBLISHED FOR THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, BY J. J. HARROD, BOOKSELLER, BALTIMORE.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Thy Glory, Israel! and thy beauty, mourn,  
Alas! 'tis vanish'd never to return.  
Ah! who in feeble mortal's strength would trust?  
Whose glory is so near ally'd to dust!

O, tell it not in Gath's triumphing gate,  
Nor in the streets of Askalon relate;  
Lest Capthor's daughters should insulting cry,  
Their Dagon conquers him who rules the sky.

O, fatal Gilboa! where my friend was slain;  
No dew on thee descend, nor kindly rain!  
No corn nor wine thy blasted surface yield,  
Accurs'd and burnt, as Sodom's dismal field;  
For there was lost the warrior's mighty shield;  
The shield of Saul was lost; his sacred head,  
Tho' the blest oil around his temples shed,  
Profan'd and mingled with the vulgar dead.

Thy bow, my friend, was never drawn in vain,  
Thy arrows drank the blood of thousands slain;  
What armies fell by Saul's victorious sword!  
Too faithful now to its despairing Lord.

Princely his stature, charming was his air;  
With him alone could Jonathan compare:  
Lovely in life, in death too near ally'd,  
Not death itself their friendship could divide:  
Swifter than eagles cut their airy way,  
Stronger than lions, when they seize their prey.

Mourn all ye loves! ye tender virgins, mourn!  
Your flow'ry wreaths to cypress' garlands turn:  
Mourn your lov'd monarch's lamentable fate,  
On whom so oft your charming choir did wait,  
As he from fight return'd in kingly state.  
For you he conquered; you did with him share  
The wreath of peace, and glorious spoils of war:  
Lay by your purple robes from Sidon's shore,  
And wear your splendid coronets no more;  
For Saul, who gave them, generous Saul, is lost,  
And silent shades receive his mighty ghost.

How are the mighty fall'n! Their strength is vain!  
O Jonathan! thou wast in battle slain!  
Stretch'd on cold earth, thy lifeless limbs as cold,  
Nor those dear eyes must I again behold.  
O Jonathan! how shall I thee commend!  
My more than brother, and my more than friend!  
My life, my Jonathan; and can we part?  
I feel thy loss hang heavy on my heart;  
With mortal anguish is my soul oppressed,  
I wear thy bleeding image in my breast.  
Thy friendship did the tend'rest love excel;  
'Twas like thyself, 'twas all a miracle:  
A pure, a constant, and a Heavenly fire,  
Beyond the softer sex's frail desire.

How are the mighty fall'n? Their fate deplore:  
Thysword, thy spear and shield, O Israel, are no more.  
W. D.

## THE INFIDEL REPROVED.

An Infidel once accosted a poor, but pious old woman, saying, "So I find you are of those fools who believe in the Bible." "Yes," said she, "and with good reason, while so many Infidels exist to prove the truth of what it testifies—that in every age there will be a generation of fools like you to blaspheme it."

## BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT HALL.

It is, with feelings of unmingled sorrow that we announce the departure of this eminent minister of Jesus, the pastor of the Broadmead Baptist Church, and President of the Baptist Academy, Bristol. For the following sketch, from the pen of Rev. William Newlands, which first appeared in the London World, we are indebted to the Christian Index.

Religious Her.

The loss of so great a man as the subject of the following very imperfect sketch, must at all times, but especially when the sister kingdom is mourning the premature and sudden removal of a most illustrious minister, be viewed by every person able to appreciate genius, talent, learning, and character, devoted to the best and noblest purposes, as a great national calamity.—The character of Dr. Thomson having been drawn by the eloquent author of the Life of Knox, we shall confine our observations to the character of the Rev. Robert Hall.

As a christian, Mr. Hall exemplified, illustrated, and adorned the religion of Jesus Christ. Free from ostentation, austerity, rancor, dogmatism, arrogance and pretension, he combined ardent piety with the most winning and graceful demeanor. Easy, affable and courteous, and even innocently playful, if he did not engage and fascinate, he did not repel. In him there was united, the artless simplicity of a child with the dignity of a sage. Apparently unconscious of his great abilities he carried himself meekly, and with condescension toward all men. Devoid of guile and artifice, he uttered the truth in his heart—he spoke as he thought, and what he thought, without asperity, or the slightest taint of malevolence. He was easy of access, open to conviction, ready to receive and communicate instruction and entertainment. His conceptions were not cast in the mould of malignity, but of truth; and his sentiments were the transcript of the impressions of nature. In self-discipline to which he must have devoted much time and labor, he employed himself in the review and purification of his principles. He destroyed moral excrescences by depriving them of their natural aliment and support.

Imperfections he no doubt had, but they were such as were inseparable from humanity in the present state. In religion he acknowledged no master but Christ: he took his conceptions of divine truth from the Bible. Convinced of the divine authority of the Scriptures, he submitted implicitly to their dictates. He did not allow himself to be fettered and cramped in his conceptions by the writings of man, and was satisfied with nothing short of the amplitude of revelation.

Elevated high above the mass of mankind in genius, and acquirements, he was wholly exempt from envy, the passion of contracted and limited understandings. He had a penetration to discern, and candor to acknowledge, the merits of others, while the benevolence of his heart led him rather to exceed than to fall short in awarding a favorable estimate.

But for the feebleness of his voice, he would have been, as a preacher, without a rival in Europe. His discourses were premeditated, but not written before delivery. His habits of thinking being philosophical, his stores from reading and reflection being immense, his imagination active and vigorous, his conceptions rapid, and his command of the powers and graces of language astonishingly great, he delighted and instructed his audience by the continuity, sequency, and logical precision of his arrangement, the magnitude of his conceptions, and the overpowering brilliancy and resistless charms of his eloquence. In the commencement of his discourse, like the orb of day, his first efforts were scarcely percep-

tible, but as he proceeded he increased in splendor, scattering the darkness in his progress, till his subject was enveloped with a flame of light—his utterance, at the same time, becoming vehement, rapid, and impassioned. Though Christ crucified was the leading theme of his discourses, he did not, to use his own expression, "sink the legislator in the Saviour of the church." No man ever had a juster conception of the design of christianity, as a ministry of reconciliations regarding, whatever had no bearing on this subject as foreign to his office. His powers of imagination being chastened, and held in subjection by a vigorous understanding, he did not depress one truth to exalt another; nor adopt, as the oracles of God, the inventions of men, though professedly deduced from the Holy Scriptures. In the selection of words and expressions from the inspired writings, as the embellishments of style, he was exceedingly happy; for while, by this means, he imparted eloquence and vigor to his own sentiments, he threw around the quotations additional illustrations.

Though dead, he yet speaketh in his admirable writings. His sermon on Infidelity, is a master piece in clear and lucid arrangement, vigorous and convincing reasoning, and in beauty and power of expression. His 'Essay on the Liberty of the Press,' is not surpassed, we question if it is equalled, by any treatise on the same subject, in any language. On the death of Princess Charlotte, when so many sermons were published, the sermon of the Rev. Robert Hall, rose above them all, and in the opinion of the best judges, cast them all into the shade.

The following particulars of the last moments of Mr. Hall, are from the London Baptist Magazine, for March.

At the moment of going to press, the melancholy tidings have reached us, that Mr. Hall, of Bristol, is no more! Between four and five o'clock on Monday afternoon, Feb. 21, he expired! The following are all the brief particulars we can at present communicate of this affecting bereavement.

On Thursday, Feb. 10th, he was expected to have preached, preparatory to the Lord's Supper, but was prevented by one of those seizures, to which he has for years been subject, but which during the last few months became ominously frequent. From the time of the seizure to his death, the disease assumed different degrees of strength, and the hopes of his friends alternated respecting his recovery, till Monday, the 21st, when the disorder, which had somewhat abated, renewed its attack upon his constitution with redoubled violence. One of his medical attendants being sent for asked him if he was much in pain? to which he replied, 'Yes, sir, in agony. Sir; Oh my poor body.' He then lifted up his eyes and said, in the most energetic manner, 'This is death, it is arrived at last,' and in a minute or two more added, 'Come, Lord, Jesus, come quickly.' Shortly after which he reclined his shoulder on one of his medical attendants and expired.

Thus has terminated in the 67th year of his age, the brilliant mortal career of this extraordinary man, distinguished alike, for his piety, his humility, and his genius. We will not say that these excellencies may not be found singly and separately, in an equal degree, in individual minds; but we can scarcely expect to see them again combined in that harmonious proportion, which gave such peculiar grace and lustre to the character of Hall.

## FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The complete abolition of the custom of burning widows in India, is believed to have been at length accomplished. It may not be known to all our readers, that this most desirable measure has been very greatly advanced, if not actually accomplished, by the influence of a single female. We have facts from a gentleman who has resided there for some years to warrant this opinion.—S. S. Journal.



## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the Methodist Protestant.

## MINISTERIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

The late Convention was not unmindful of the Ministry. What so important to the Churches and to the world, as the Christian Ministry! Even in the judgment of reason, a public teacher and speaker should be a qualified man; especially in these days, and in this country, when, and where, mind is, or ought to be, every thing. How, then, the question may be, do incompetent talkers find hearers? Simply because people desire to hear the gospel preached, to be present in the congregation, to have their children there, and to worship God. Therefore, they must hear whom they can. The people pay whom they hear, if pay is needed. Now, to hear a man and to pay a man, makes a man a preacher.

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings." Yea thou art blessed—yea thou art a blessing, who hast entered thyself as a teacher for Christ, proclaiming to all men, as does the "pure voice of revelation," that "Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man." The banners of free grace and Christian liberty are one. Let thy profiting appear unto all men. O, "study to show thyself approved." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever." These are the successors of the Apostles. God increase faithful, competent ministers a thousand fold in every Church!

What it could, the Convention did, to ensure to our Churches such ministers as need not to be ashamed, and of whom the Churches need not to be ashamed, by making it the duty of "the Quarterly Conference to appoint a committee of examination to assist, advise, and examine candidates for the Ministry—and after the candidates shall have made the necessary attainments, to give them a written testimonial of their qualifications." Without assuming anything by the question, it may be innocently inquired by others, if there be any assurances that every quarterly conference will act wisely in these matters? The Churches, through their representatives, have imposed great duties and responsibilities on Quarterly Conferences. Who knows that no unqualified person, justly disappointed of a license in another Church, may not gain one in ours? Who dare affirm that every one who was ambitious of the Ministerial office, while all the time it was evident to every body who knew them, that they could not teach, having never been endowed with gifts, are now convinced of their error? Quarterly Conferences should be very careful, or after all the pains-taking of the Convention, its provisions will be of partial availment in inducing the necessary attainments for the office and work of the Ministry.

Surely the required attainments are not of an unreasonable character: piety evinced by fruits of righteousness, and "an ability to state and defend the leading doctrines of Christianity." Who is the Minister that desires less for himself than this ability? Where is the Church who desires less for its Ministers? Who is the man who may not gain this ability? The blank testimonials are ready to be filled up, and each Quarterly Conference will rejoice in adding to the labourers in the high ways and hedges, those who know, and will, faithfully for Christ's sake, perform their duties. No one can justly reproach the Convention with disregard to the interests of the Ministry and the Churches. Quarterly Conferences, it is supposed, cannot be too careful of their patronage. To be useful—exceedingly useful—to be the means of the salvation of souls, every good man need not to be a Minister. "Faithful men, who shall be able to teach others," are the men who are needed for ministers. Men to whom it is evident, that the Lord hath given understanding in all things. S.

For the Methodist Protestant.

## HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

A writer asks his readers, and requests them to ask their friends:—"Have we done all which our principles, our pledges, our prayers, our promises, and our professions require, for the spread of the Gospel at HOME?" He thought he had a right to put this question because of its intrinsic importance, its shortness, its plainness, being quite unembarrassed, and unequivocal. Suppose it were possible to put this question to each member of each Church, to each Church, as such, to the one confederate Church, would a single individual be found to deny the obligations of assisting to send the gospel every where? Suppose any one desired to know what our principles required? The answer might be—As each one to whom the gospel is preached, is enjoined to believe it now, and now to become a disciple of Christ, so you who are the disciple of Christ are now required to do all which in

your power lieth, for the furtherance of the common salvation; and as others were employed in bringing the glad tidings of reconciliation to your dwelling, so it is now your indispensable duty to further the cause of Christ, to the very utmost of your abilities. Individuals might be also informed that they are to commence with holy examples, and continue, in fellowship with others engaged in the same cause in their own religious community, and with all as far as practicable, in promoting the infinitely great designs of the common Christianity—and that this work is to be commenced and continued in, independently of all sectarianism. A few words to the wise would be enough. Who would be saved? Who loves his neighbor as himself? Now, there is no need to talk to such persons of "pledges, and prayers, and promises, and professions, and christian principles." They know their duty and would rather have six cents of theirs, aiding this cause, than not to aid it at all.

Doubtless, Protestant Christians in this country, should just now be as confederate as possible; yet there seems to be a present necessity for independent operations, on the part of each denomination, in many particulars. If for no other reason—to put down the senseless cry of "a union of Church and State." Perhaps there are many other reasons, to be found in the condition of Society, and the peculiarities of religious bodies, &c. We shall not inquire. We are quite certain, however, that sectarianism is a more unholy cause of disunion, than it is considered shameful and injurious. For, let any one but consider the invaluable interests of our country as protected by Protestantism—of the value of the true doctrines to individuals, and then say what our common Christianity and mutual safety requires. The Beast must die, and the false Prophet must die—but, perhaps, not in the years of this generation—the former is reviving, sharpening his horns, and pushing secretly and publicly in all directions. He knows how to hook, and tread down.

The fundamental doctrines of Protestantism have the promise of universal prevalence. What if Protestants were really persuaded that in a few years they would see eye to eye in all essential matters; and that by consequence, holy charity would soon be their "bond of perfectness," how willingly would they now begin to remove most of the causes, which, at present, seem to direct the efforts of some to gain proselytes to a creed rather than to Christ. Now, the uncertainty of the time when professed Christians shall value pure religion above creeds and confessions of faith, takes not from the duty of holy confederation of the sound in faith, on the broad platform of their self-same fundamental doctrines. Will there never be a representative assembly composed of persons from all the Orthodox Protestants? But are there heretodox Protestants?

The Methodist Protestant Church is the junior member of the Protestant family in this country. In youth is the time for fixing the foundations of future usefulness. Equally, with our elder brethren, we are called upon to carry on aggressive operations against every branch of the kingdom of darkness. As a Church, we at first obeyed, and now obey this command. From the beginning we have labored at home and abroad. Nevertheless our itinerant movements are too limited, and our local doings are of necessity only here and there.—We can enlarge our borders. And if we would continue faithful, and be deserving of a name among the active Protestants—if we would deserve well of the country—we must not lose any time in extending our lines and strengthening our stakes. How many more Itinerant Ministers might we employ, if we had the means of ministering to the necessities created by travelling?

The proposal of a Home Missionary Society will receive much favor among us, as it will best provide for the present and increasing wants of our Church. Let one be commenced. Nor should any one fear that it will possess a sort of metropolitan character. On the representative system, no one need be ashamed of an auxiliary relation. This is the way to unite all the parts. We all know what "Paul the aged" says of a body "well compacted;" and of the members, and of the head. So united, our means of usefulness would be wonderfully increased.

With a Home Missionary Society, and an Education Society, and a liberal community—with the friendship, and counsels, and pecuniary aid of the friends of a free salvation and of a Christian liberty, this junior member of Protestantism may soon become an important auxiliary to it, and be a praise in the earth.

The objects of a Home Missionary Society can never be adequately commended. Perhaps we may be permitted to ask: Should it not have an independent foundation? Have its own concerns under its own controul exclusively? Or, shall its foundations lie in the Annual Conferences? And these bodies appoint the Board of Directors and the Standing Committees—and make rules

and regulations for the parent Society and the auxiliaries? Or could not a Home Missionary Society best found itself? And govern itself? And urge its claims? And attend to its daily concerns? Should not principals have their own agents, and appoint them too, and hold them accountable? What pervading influence could an Annual Conference send out which should continue for a year, and accommodate every body and every place? Would not our religious concerns, as well as all other concerns, be the best managed if every body attended to its own business? Will not the probability of harmony, co-operation, and efficiency, be made a certainty by permitting the Society to control all its own doings? So other denominations have deemed and are proceeding.

As Missionary work needs Missionary men, and a missionary spirit in the Society, and in all its auxiliaries; and as the members of the Itinerancy proper, are not proper Missionaries, so it is to be expected that the Home Missionary Society will be self-governed. Let the Annual Conferences provide for the present Circuits and Stations—and as others are formed, the Society will send them to the Conference. "Many hands make light work." There is work enough for all hands.

COMPILER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

## METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN LYNCHBURG.

Mr. Editor,—I wrote you a short time since, giving an imperfect sketch of the state of religious feeling, which had existed in our little village for some time past, for the encouragement of the members of the M. P. Church. I will now give a short history of the rise and progress of Reform in Lynchburg, and the adjacent country.

I would premise, before entering upon this task, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has here a very large society, containing, from the best information I can obtain, about four hundred members; and that the town may be regarded as being very much under their influence.

In the summer of 1828, the subject of reform was freely canvassed among us, and its friends believed the time had arrived, when they were bound to take a decided stand. They accordingly appointed a meeting to be held the 18th of September in the M. E. Church, at which meeting, they adopted a preamble and sundry resolutions, setting forth the causes which had impelled them to pursue this course, in publicly animadverting upon the government, and its administration in the M. E. Church. Two delegates were also appointed to represent us in the convention, to be held in Baltimore, in the following November. This procedure so exasperated our opponents, that they determined to take the most efficient measures to arrest the progress of reform, and accordingly, after having (by the Preacher in charge,) required us to desist from our intentions, which we refused to do, cited eleven of us, two local preachers, and nine laymen, to appear before the powers that be, to answer to the charge of endeavouring to sow dissensions in the church. Specifications were; 1st, for having constituted, and holding an inflammatory meeting in the M. E. Church in this place: 2d, for adopting an inflammatory preamble and resolutions. The committees of trial returned a verdict of guilty of the above charge, and specifications, in each of the cases submitted to their examination; founded upon the evidence chiefly of members, belonging to the M. E. C., who had obtruded themselves into our meeting;—for our invitation extended only to the friends of reform.

As it is not our intention to enter into a formal defence of our course, we will content ourselves by observing, that, in opposition to the testimony introduced by the prosecution, we adduced the evidence of members belonging to other churches, and of many of our most respectable citizens, who deposed, that the meeting was conducted in the most orderly and respectful manner. The preamble, and resolutions speak for themselves, and we fear not to hazard the opinion, that they contain a calm and temperate exhibition of the subjects, then at issue between us. But, under the influence of a misguided zeal, the whole eleven were unrighteously expelled a christian church, for the honest expression of their sentiments upon that part of its polity, which related purely to its government. The community under the influence of a righteous indignation, at the cruel treatment we received, subscribed liberally to erect us a house of worship, which we have happily succeeded in completing,—a house, which in point of taste and convenience, is not surpassed by any church in the place.

On the 13th of October, 1828, we organized ourselves into a religious society, "receiving the holy scriptures as our guide, and for prudential reasons adopting as an instrument of union, the general rules of the Rev. J. & C.



Wesley—with such subsequent regulations, as our peculiar circumstances may from time to time require." Thirty-six females united in addressing a note to the preacher in charge, setting forth in a calm and spirited manner, their disapprobation at the course pursued towards us; and requested certificates of dismissal from the church—under the protection, and we trust, guidance of the God of Israel, we commenced our existence as a separate and distinct religious society in this place, with forty-seven members. When we review the many unpleasant scenes through which we have passed, and the stormy and powerful opposition we have had to contend with, we are constrained to cry out like one of old, "hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

A small society, all the male members of which had been expelled the communion of a christian church, seeking shelter in a small room, afforded through the sympathies of the masonic fraternity; sitting under the ministrations of men who had been accounted unworthy to bear the ark of the covenant, how could we have borne up under so many discouragements, unless we had been sustained by an unseen and almighty arm! Like the burning bush in the land of Midian, although enveloped in flames, we have not been consumed. In this apparently hopeless condition, we were not left comfortless,—that spirit which is not confined to sects or parties, but which walks abroad in the earth, to enlighten, encourage, and comfort the contrite ones, brooded over our little assembly, and often entered the secret chambers of our hearts, dispensing unto us life, and joy, and peace. Hope sat smiling around our altar, and pointed through the dark cloud that lowered in our horizon, to brighter and happier days. Our sister churches, with all the tenderness and affection of the genius and charities of our holy religion, threw open their doors, and welcomed us to the embraces of christian fellowship and communion. Their pulpits were tendered us, which on all suitable occasions we occupied as our own. If there were no other circumstance, connected with our expulsions, that spoke our exculpation from immorality, and a breach of christian morals, this alone ought to be sufficient in the eyes of a disinterested community:—for let it be remembered, we were no strangers, but our manner of life was known to all our brethren, many of whom had been eye witnesses of the whole transaction.

Since our organization as an associated Methodist Church, our expectations have been more than realized. We have received into society in Lynchburg, together with them who were expelled and those who seceded, one hundred and forty-three members—three only have withdrawn, one of whom went back to the M. E. C., one expelled, one died, twenty-four removed to other places; making our present number in society, one hundred and fourteen members. In Bradford county, seven miles from town, we have raised a society of zealous christians, amounting to forty in number. In Amherst, seven miles from town, we have organized a small class, consisting of ten members. In Campbell, twelve miles from town, we have organized a flourishing society of sixteen members;—so that in Lynchburg and the adjacent country, where in 1828 there were but forty-seven reformers, we now have one hundred and eighty white members, with encouraging prospects for further augmentation in numbers, and with a still widening and growing expectation that the germ of religious liberty, planted and nurtured under the care of the expelled members in Lynchburg, by a good and wise providence, will grow and flourish, when the present generation, with their fathers, shall be sleeping in the dust.

I am happy in being able to say, that it is my honest, and candid opinion, that our brethren are willing and anxious to forgive and forget past injuries, and to recognize the Episcopal Methodists as brethren, constituting a different division of Zions' army, enlisted under the banner of Immanuel. I do believe if they were willing to reciprocate the spirit of the Gospel, the time would soon arrive, when we should be one in affection, as we now are in doctrines and religious usages.

Yours sincerely,

WM. J. HOLCOMBE.

Lynchburg, May 18th. 1831.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Exum Lewis, dated, Mountprospect, N. C. May 20, 1831.

Mr. Editor,—I expect you have heard of our Camp-meeting at Bradford's meeting house, which commenced on the 15th ult., where between twenty and thirty professed to be converted, and many more who received conviction there, have since professed to find peace in a Redeemer's love. Some of them are among our most respectable citizens. Reform has no opposition in this section of country from members of any denomination. Public sentiment generally is on our side. And I have

no doubt God is with us, and if we pursue a proper course, the Lord will bless us, and make us to shine as a great light in a benighted land.

Accept my best wishes for your happiness, and the prosperity of our Zion.

Yours in peace, &c.

EXUM LEWIS.

# RELIGIOUS.

## "PLEASURES AND SORROWS OF A HOME MISSIONARY,"

As described by a Minister who had been a number of years employed as one,—not very materially different circumstances would be met with in our connexion.

1. The extended sphere in which Home Missionaries labor, is a source of pleasure. When a stated Minister is discouraged by seeing little good done among his people, he has no other congregation to look to as a balance of his sorrows, his joys and sorrows being fixed to one spot; but a Home Missionary, having six, eight, or ten places to preach in, if he meet with discouragements in one place, he meets encouragement in another; while on the one hand a village proves a Bochem, another proves an Ebenezer; while in one place he cries, "who hath believed our report?" in another he cries with wonder, "what hath the Lord wrought?" While in one village the people cannot be collected together, and when they are assembled, inattention is marked pervading the assembly, in another village the people are anxious to hear, and come in crowds to listen to the glad tidings.

2. Another source of pleasure is, that he is placed in a dark and benighted spot, where the glad tidings are not sounded by the resident Minister. It is to these spots that your Missionaries are sent. When I look around me, and see fine villages, beside hamlets, in darkness, it cheers me that a Home Missionary Society was begun. Hundreds of families will declare, if your Missionary does not visit and instruct them, they are without a spiritual guide; and to occupy a place so needful and important, to be the herald of mercy to those who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, is no little pleasure. Who is the visitor of the sick? Who is the counsellor of the young and the aged? Who warns the sinner of the error of his ways, and directs him to the Lamb of God? Who whispers consolation to the mourner? The Home Missionary. He enjoys the pleasure to stand amid the mental darkness of surrounding villages, and as a city set on a hill, or a beacon on a dangerous coast, directs the wandering thousands to Jesus as the rest of the weary soul.

3. His prospects are productive of pleasure, though, at times, he is surrounded with discouragements, yet when he considers the seed sown, the alteration visible by his preaching and visiting, the pleasing accounts he weekly receives, by hearing of a mourner being comforted by one sermon, and a sinner pricked to the heart by another; and when he looks forward to the little leaven leavening the whole lump; when in one dark village not a believer was found, now one and another are seen as lights to their benighted neighbors. See a large family who went to no place of worship, and would hardly allow a visit to be paid or a tract to enter their dwelling,—to see one of this family brought to a serious concern, and doing all he can to bring his parents, sisters, and brothers to hear the word; to see such an one leaving home in a storm, and walking two miles in a road hardly passable, to hear the joyful sound which he once neglected—is this not animating? The prospect of addressing the ignorant 416 times in one year, encouraged by that promise, "my word shall not return null and void," &c. these are prospects which Home Missionaries enjoy.

4. The changes which have already appeared create joy. Let us come to facts. In one village, where the parish Church could not contain the third of the population, and where the poor people excused themselves in not going, by saying, we have no seat to go to, and we cannot stand; add to this that some years ago no one would attend the preaching of any minister out of the Church, and where Ministers would be stoned if they had entered to preach the good tidings,—to see such a village receiving the Home Missionary with joy, listening to his instructions with delight, and in visiting the houses with tracts, meeting with the grateful thanks of the inmates; to see in a large village a place of worship erected, where the name of dissenter was unknown till lately; to see the prejudices fall, and the people repairing to hear, in a neat chapel, the way to glory by a crucified Saviour. Is not this animating? In another village, the gay group of young people who attended all the wakes and fairs for miles round, are now seen re-

pairing to the humble cottage, to hear of the market where Jesus is heard saying, "I counsel of thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire," &c. To see the Sabbath breaker weeping under the word, the reformed swearer reproving other swearers, the disobedient son and daughter cheering the hearts of their parents, and to see the young entreating their careless parents to allow them to go to meeting,—Are not these facts which cannot but animate Missionaries, and be a source of pleasure to every true believer?

I shall conclude the pleasures of a Home Missionary by recounting the incidents of one of his happiest days. After breakfast he leaves his home, to visit a village six miles from his dwelling, his road lies through a village of some extent, and houses are scattered in variety along the way: provided with tracts and hand-bills, he goes with eager expectation of seeing the Lord's arm made bare in the conversion of some sinners; he visits many of the cottages as he passes along, and the advice he gives them are received gratefully; when one of the family is afflicted, it affords a suitable opportunity of speaking to the other branches of the household upon the value of health, and the blessings of religion, and of praying with the afflicted. Pacing his way to the villages through which he must pass, he enters into the houses, lends or gives the tracts,\* and while one stands amazed at the trouble he takes, another presses him to sit down to talk about eternal things. Two miles from his scene of labor, a neat dwelling is seen upon a lovely bank, and surrounded by the cottages of the poor: to this dwelling the Missionary repairs: it is no noble lord or wealthy squire, who inhabits the lovely dwelling, but it is the vicar of the village; here he enters, and is greeted with joy by the happy inmates; the pious and worthy clergyman is glad to see him, inquires into his labors, and tries to cheer him, if sadness is seen on his countenance. "Well, brother," is the language of the worthy man, "I have been praying for you to-day, that your visit to ——— may be blessed; I think the people are expecting you; I hope the Lord will bless your labors. We have a bed at your service, if you do not return home this evening, and will be glad to see you." Sitting down and conversing upon heavenly subjects, the Missionary almost forgets there is a line drawn between church and dissenters. Having dined with his pious host, and going away with the good wishes of all the family, he visits the family he intends preaching in, and many a smile is seen on the countenances of the young and the old. As the Missionary enters the humble cottage, some of the children, having learnt verses and hymns, come forward with pleasure to repeat the task, and the parents, smiling, cheer his soul by telling the reformation lately seen upon their tender offspring. The hour at last arrives, and the Missionary repairs to the hallowed spot, where some of his happy hours are spent: the place is filled, silence prevails, a fixed attention is visible, and the silent tear is seen starting into the eyes of many: animated by the Missionary's well-known theme, "The Cross of Christ," he feels the sacred fire, his heart burns with joy while he unfolds the fulness, suitableness, ability, and willingness of Jesus, the necessity of his spirit and his promise to those who ask it with faithfulness; he unfolds the evil and danger of self-deception, and exhorts the sinner to flee to him who is a hiding place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest. The services of the evening being over, he is met by many, wishing him to come and take his lodgings for the night with them, who are disappointed when he denies. One poor man will grasp his hand and say, "You spoke the language of my heart, I found it good to be here. O may the Lord bless your message this evening." The services of Home Missionaries are varied, and much like those that ministers feel; the hypocrisy, deceit, barrenness, coldness, &c. of many around, often make him use the language of Jeremiah, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," &c. I love the Heathens abroad, and I support by every means in my power the cause of the Foreign Missionary Society; but I love my Home, and the souls of those who are perishing at home claim my regard. O that your Missionaries had their sorrows removed! Much, much of the land needs to be cultivated. Without entering into the many sorrows attending a Home Missionary, and leaving the melancholy picture to a future period, I subscribe myself a Home Missionary, whose motto is, "Faint, yet pursuing,—sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—Home Missionary Magazine.

D. P.

\*A very useful hint to our Ministers and Missionaries.

## SYMPATHY.

"The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medical trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."





## BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1831.

## EDUCATION OF MINISTERS.

\* \* \* \* \* I have often thought a very useful lesson might be learned, by contemplating the conduct of Christ toward his disciples. After having elected them, he retained them sometime under his immediate tuition, before he permitted them to go forth as missionaries in his cause. They were not only themselves to be instructed in the mysteries of godliness, but to be taught the most excellent manner of developing to others the hidden things of wisdom. A long while elapsed, ere he deemed them sufficiently qualified to sustain the character of his ambassadors. Many an hour had they listened to his discourses in the market place and in the desert, on the sea-shore, and on the mountain-top. Thus they learned in what manner to address the publican and pharisee, the scribe and the lawyer; how to humble the pride of the lofty and exalt the humility of the meek, to expose the sepulchral hideousness of the self-righteous, and lift up the drooping heads of the self-abased. When the lifeless limbs of the paralytic leaped with unwonted vigour, and the loud voice of gratitude arose from the hitherto speechless tongue; when he opened the eyes of the blind to the glory of the heavens, and the ears of the deaf to the music of creation; when devils shrank fearfully before the arm of his power confessing him, God; and death itself, at one word, put on the bloom of animation and breathed the breath of life;—they were present, and while they gazed wonderingly at the miracles he wrought, they were taught the manner of his performing them.

It is then undeniable, that a tuition of some kind is requisite to preparing a preacher of the gospel for the duties of his vocation. There are two distinct agencies, involved in this tuition: human agency, and the agency of the Spirit of God. The necessity of the latter is universally acknowledged; but some doubt whether it be scriptural or expedient to conjoin with it the former. "God qualifies," it is said, "whomever he calls." With certain explanations we fully accredit this, but not so as to exclude human agency. It would have been a very easy matter for Christ to have given his disciples, at the time of their election, sufficient ability to go forth, at once, without other preparation, and missionate among men. But in this, as in every case where miracles are uncalled for, he departed not from the usual order of nature. Faculties of *self-improvement* had been innately bestowed upon the disciples, whose proper exercise would supersede the necessity of miraculous agency, while, at the same time, it would induce in their minds a delightful complacency, arising from the consciousness of having performed their duty. Christ, therefore, though he elected them to his ministry, and could immediately have induced them with all requisite qualifications, instructed them to *co-operate* with him in preparing them for their work. They were to exercise their *own* powers in *learning*, from him, the object of their ministry and the manner of its performance. So that in the minister as well as the humble member of Christ's body, the man must be a co-worker with God, else will his election be vain, and his calling fruitless.

Nor let it be objected, that the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit, by which, without the slightest exercise of human agency, the apostles were at once enabled to

speak with tongues, sets at naught the efficacy of human exertion. It will be recollected, that they had previously been prepared, by a long course of discipline and instruction, under the auspices of our Lord, to profit by the out-pouring of the Spirit. Besides, there were two reasons for this event, whose inexistence at the present time precludes expectation of its repeated occurrence: 1st, it was necessary that the prophecy of Joel should be fulfilled; "and it shall come to pass in those days, (saith God,) that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your young men and maidens shall prophecy," &c. 2d, Christianity was then in its infancy, and it required miraculous interposition to give it strength and authority. It was in its commencement, and it needed a mighty effort to give it impetus. Multitudes, too, were gathered together from all nations and languages under heaven: these had not seen the miracles of Christ, or witnessed his ascension into glory. Testimony alone, was the foundation of their belief; when in confirmation of it, a rushing sound as of a mighty wind came from heaven, and cloven tongues of fire sat on each apostle, who began forthwith to speak with tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. Thus every man heard, in his own language, the marvellous works that had been wrought, and returning home, was enabled to become a missionary among his people. A miracle, then, was needed to give Christianity a resistless impetus, to demonstrate to thousands of witnesses the truth of the apostles' testimony, and to diffuse at once, among all nations, through the medium of those assembled in Jerusalem, the knowledge of Christ and his gospel: *therefore* it was wrought. But how absurd, in these times, would appear the conduct of a missionary, who should tarry at home, waiting, effortless, for the miraculous agency of the Holy Ghost; by which, without exertion on his part, he might immediately become an adept in the languages of the people, among whom he was to labour! Just as presumptuous and unreasonable is that minister, or candidate for the ministry, who fancies he will be qualified for his duties, without exercising to the utmost his own agency.

"But Christ," it is said, "no longer walks upon earth, and no being may take his place as a teacher: besides, his instructions are easily accessible in the New Testament, and so plain that a way-faring man, though a fool, need not err." It must be remembered that our Saviour associated and conversed with his disciples, and taught them, as a man. So that, in view of this, every one of his true and properly qualified ministers may be and is his representative,—not only an ambassador, but a teacher "in Christ's stead." Hence, the propriety of Ministerial candidates profiting by the tuition and example of their experienced and already qualified brethren. It is true, too, that the gospel is explicit,—"*the way is plain*;" but it is one thing for a man to *learn* this way, and another to *teach* his fellows to walk therein. I have known a blind man, able to find his home amidst the entanglements of a city, but I would not recommend him as a suitable guide to the stranger, who might happen to wander within its gates. Many a Christian is initiated into the mysteries of Divine grace; he is well acquainted with the plan of salvation so far as it bears upon his own case; still, he cannot take a comprehensive and an accurate view of the whole scheme, in its outlines and details. Even though he were sufficient in his capacity of *comprehension*, he may lack the ability to give a correct, appropriate, and forcible *exhibition* of his knowledge.

Supposing, then, what should always be the case, that the person is a *converted* man and believes it his *duty* to preach the gospel, there are two things to be acquired, before the minister can be termed properly qualified for his ministry:—1st. A sufficient acquaintance with the Scriptures in their mutual bearing and connection, and in their external relations. 2d. The ability of communicating this knowledge with correctness, appropriate-

ness, perspicuity and force. It is obvious, that to the acquisition of the first qualification, will be subservient, a knowledge of English grammar, and of Philology generally, an acquaintance with the languages in which the different portions of the Bible were written, and, in fact, whatever tends to augment the power and enlarge the capacities of the mind. Particular attention should likewise be devoted to whatever promotes an effective delivery, and is calculated to facilitate a forcible exhibition of truth. Hence, rhetoric, including the arts of public speaking and composition, general science, history, and a knowledge of human nature, should always be cultivated. An acquaintance with these subjects is advantageous, inasmuch as from the arts, sciences and history, similes and illustrative incidents are not unfrequently introduced; and they should all be managed with propriety, else if ignorance be betrayed, the hearer is offended, and the efficacy of truth diminished. Gross mistakes in rhetoric are peculiarly offensive; indeed, we believe them sometimes pernicious to an audience.—Murky vapours shadow the brightness of the sun; the fairest and sweetest flowers may lose their fragrance and seemliness by the thick interminglement of nauseous weeds; so may the crude conceits and dark words of an unskilled expounder cast a shadow over the truth, and bad arrangement in the plan and offensive errors in the exhibition, despoil the doctrines of the gospel of their beauty and effect.

Palpable blunders, pardonable perhaps in the private coterie, but inexcusable in the pulpit, too frequently excite ridicule or disgust in the bosom of the sinner; while the pitying displeasure, the mortification, the apprehensive anxiety, the sympathetic shame that fill the bosom of the Christian, too often exclude all sensations of pleasure or complacency, and prevent anticipated profit. A minister should also direct much attention to the study of human nature;—of the various forms under which it appears, its diversities of taste, and even its caprices, that he may become all things to all men, giving every man his portion in due season.

In looking carefully through the Bible; examining the language, rhetoric, and references of the Old and New Testament, it is pleasing to remark what correctness and appropriateness characterize the whole. There are no violations of right grammatical structure; no lame, ill-judged, inappropriately introduced metaphors or comparisons; no offensive anachronisms or errors in references to authorities. Christ, especially, is a faultless model. We can detect in his discourses no unseemly language, no undignified epithets, not the slightest indication of ignorance, or a single particular, offensive to the purest taste. His comparisons are happily introduced and sustained; his allegories never fail in a beautiful, an unbroken integrity; and his allusions always bespeak a perfect knowledge of the objects to which he alludes.—St. Paul displays the same extensive intelligence and incorrupt taste. If he have need of History, Poetry, or the Sciences for the purposes of illustration, he ever displays a fulness and correctness of knowledge on the topics introduced. Is not, then, the Bible a sufficient model?—Are not its prophets, and apostles, and teachers,—its God, fit ensamples for a Christian Ministry? Christ deemed it necessary to shew himself always a correct, a faultless speaker. He ever displayed, so far as we have record, a perfect acquaintance with the language in which he taught, and its idioms; with the people whom he addressed, and their customs, arts and sciences: and can it be possible that any one, in these latter days, should deny the advantage of human attainments in view of the ministerial character? For this cause have I ever loved to study the Scriptures. The Religion of the Bible derives lustre and energy and elevation, from the manner in which it is set forth by its teachers.—Would that the same could be said of all its expounders in these days!



Without detracting, in the least, from the all-efficient influence of the Holy Ghost in the formation of ministerial character, we have endeavored to show in this paper the necessity of human agency and value of human attainments in view of the proper qualification of a preacher of the gospel. It may be, that in another number, we will show, how happily Education Societies are calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the qualifications, we have been talking about.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S." and "E." shall be inserted in our next.

We are much obliged to "Melville," "S." and "W.D." for their favours. We shall be delighted to hear from them every week. "W.M." and "T.H.S." know their duty and our pleasure.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDITOR—I have this day received the within Obituary Notice of Brother HAYS. It has by some unaccountable circumstance, been delayed. You will, however, see a propriety in giving it a place in your periodical—particularly so, since it is well calculated to maintain, in our members, the memory of the worth of our deceased brother in Christ. W.W.WALLACE.  
23d May, 1831.

Anne Arundel, May 2d, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER—With feelings which I cannot describe, I submit for publication in your useful paper, a brief account of the death of my late worthy colleague.

Brother WASHINGTON H. HAYS, who was appointed by the last Annual Conference, to labour with me in Anne Arundel Circuit, was a young man of deep piety, much reading and study, and one who gave fair promise of becoming a very useful Minister of Jesus Christ. His convictions of the righteousness of our cause in the great Methodist Controversy, respecting Church government, were clear and strong, and his views of gospel doctrine and discipline, such as would have commended themselves to a Wesley or a Fletcher. Brother Hays was a grand-son of the Rev. Jonathan Forest, whose labours in the Methodist Ministry during the revolutionary war, subjected him to great persecutions; even to imprisonment;—but who still lives and is now an active and laborious Minister, in the Methodist Protestant Church. Our deceased Brother, was awakened at the first camp-meeting, held by the Reformers near Reisterstown, under the preaching of Brother Thos. H. Stockton; and at the same meeting he obtained peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. In the fall of 1830, he removed to Abingdon, to attend the academy, and acquire some further literary attainments, preparatory to his entering on the work of the Ministry; to which he felt, that the great Head of the Church had called him. It was at this place, that I became intimately acquainted with Brother Hays, and from this place, he started to travel. The Society in Abingdon, will long remember the young man, as one in whom they felt a deep interest, and whose piety and zeal are worthy of high commendation.

He commenced his short career in the Ministry with me, on the Sabbath after the deep snow of last January. I had the pleasure to hear him preach several times, and indulged a strong hope, that he was designed for much useful labour in the vineyard of his Lord. But the great Head of the Church determined otherwise, and we must submit.

During a distressing illness, which continued twenty-one days, though harassed with the most irritating sore throat, torturing pain of the breast, cough and hoarseness, consequent upon premature exposure after an attack of measles, he was blessed with great resignation. Having sickened in the Meeting-house, and not being able to reach the place appointed him for his stay till the business of the Conference should be closed, he providentially called at the house of an acquaintance, where he received an unwearied attention, which was above all praise. His devotion to the cause of God, his patience, and his triumphant hope, filled his friends with veneration for his worth, and with great solicitude for his recovery. And for a time, he too, seemed desirous to regain his health, and enter upon the duties of his appointment. But for several of his last days, he appeared to lose all concern for things of time in the triumphant hope of eternal Glory. And when his change came, his departure was so entirely peaceful, that it might with truth be said, he slept in Death.

WILLIAM KESLEY.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Interesting cases of Sickness and Death among the Stockbridge Indians.

Under a later date Mr. Stephens gives the following account of the sickness and death of two persons in the village, which shows, in some measure, what influence missionary labors have had on the people, and what is their religious state.

On the 12th of January, I visited George Simons, a young man of about 18 years old, who has been sick since last spring with a consumption. I had not seen him for more than two weeks past, and I found that he had very rapidly declined. I thought he could not survive more than a day or two. This young man united with the church early last spring, and to outward appearance has since maintained a Christian walk. After conversing with him a little, I told him I could stay but a few minutes. He replied, "I wish you to pray with me again; I want you to pray for me as long as I live: I pray most all the time. I am not afraid to die: I desire the Lord to do with me just as he pleases." When I took my leave of him he took my hand and expressed a desire to have me with him again; I told him I would try to come again in the evening.

During the evening, however, several persons calling at the mission house prevented me from visiting him. Just as I was preparing very early the next morning, his brother came to inform us that he was dead. I set off immediately for the house, a distance of nearly two miles. When I arrived at the house, I found the corpse decently laid out, and the family about to assemble for morning prayers—for this, I trust, was a house of prayer, the grand-parents of the deceased, the widowed mother, and an elder brother, being members of the church. Two or three years ago the whole family were in all the ignorance and darkness of paganism. Now every thing bears the stamp of Christianity. There were no symptoms of excessive grief, no savage wailings were heard. All was still and solemn, except that now and then a deep sigh told that the stroke was felt within. I read a part of the eleventh chapter of John, and had it interpreted, and then we all knelt in prayer, after which I left them, to open my school, feeling "that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

On the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 14, the funeral solemnities of George took place at the school house. The exercises were solemn and impressive.

On the morning previous to the funeral, Mr. Stevens visited a woman, who was sick of the same disease. She was a daughter of one of the church members, but previous to her being attacked with disease, had herself given no evidence of piety; and though often visited and conversed with, she had not given during her sickness decisive evidence of being prepared to die. She, however, manifested much serious concern for her soul, and expressed a willingness to die, if that should be the will of God. She died in the afternoon.

I called at the house of Mr. Chicks, the father of Mary, the woman that had just died, and found him earnestly engaged in urging upon his relations, who were assembled there, to the number of about twenty, the great importance of making their peace with God without delay. The arguments with which he endeavored to prevail upon them to renounce their sins and come to Christ were drawn from the unspeakable joy of heaven, and the indescribable pains of hell contrasted, and the probable reflections of an inhabitant of each world. When he had finished his talk, he said to me in English, "I glad you come: I want you to help me: I have been talking to my relatives here, to have them forsake their sins and serve God, and now I have done, and we are about to have prayers; but I want you should say something to them." My own mind had now become deeply impressed with the subject upon which he had been speaking, and I attempted to comply with his request. When I closed my remarks, one of the persons present, who had been a great drunkard, and an adulteress, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I will, I will, if God will spare my life and give me strength, break off now from all my sins, and try to prepare for death. I know that I have been the vilest of sinners: I can see nothing in my life but guilt; but I will now try. O pray for me." This woman had been very serious for several weeks previous to this. Two or three others made similar confessions and resolutions. The eldest son of Mr. Chicks, who was once a member of the F. M. School at Cornwall, and had since, notwithstanding all the instruction he had received, led a very dissipated and wicked life, during all this had remained silent. I now felt constrained to address him personally. After I had done he said with trembling voice, "I am compelled to say a

few words. I have lived such a dreadful wicked life that I thought I would let no one know my feelings.—For several days my mind has been greatly impressed, ever since Mr. Marsh, (the missionary at the station,) read some of this passage of scripture, "He that being often reproved," &c. I have had much instruction, and many calls, and I have always refused and hardened my heart in sin, and I have felt for a few days past that I should soon be cut down, and be past all hope." He then spoke of his deceased sister, and handed me a paper on which he had written her dying words, which I will here insert.

"My poor body is most worn out, and my breath is most gone. I have but a little time to live. I wish you would all make immediate preparation for death while God spares your lives. Use your utmost endeavours to do what Christ has taught in his book, the way you understand it. I was taught of [about] Christ, but I am sorry that when I was in health I did not do what I knew of Christ. I am a sinner and cannot say much." Here she paused and appeared to be in prayer. She then said "But I thank Christ for what I do know of him, and of myself now." Being asked if she was prepared to die, she answered, "Yes; I prayed long for Christ's assistance." I then thanked her for her counsel, and promised to do what she had said." She then added, "Well do begin right away to prepare for death: I will try as long as I have my breath and senses." The young man proceeded to say, "When I came here I saw my sister and heard these her dying words—heard her tell me to prepare right away for death, I could not speak: I felt guilty and ashamed of my past life: I thought if I had set her a good example she might have been prepared long ago: now I felt I could no longer refuse: I told her I would live a different life. And now, my friends, in the strength of him who has power to strengthen the weak, I will try to do as God requires me."

The scene was solemn and affecting beyond description. The good old man, with tears of trembling joy, witnessed the confessions and resolutions of his prodigal children and relatives, and directed them to the Lamb of God who alone could take away their sins. We then knelt in prayer, and endeavored to commend these poor sinners to the mercy and grace of him who is able to save the very chief of sinners. As I was about to leave them Mr. Chicks said, "I rejoice you came here to-night, I guess the Lord put it into your heart."

On the afternoon of the following day the funeral of this woman and her child who died the day before her, took place at the school house. Most of our people were present, and many were deeply affected.—*Mis. Her.*

MISSIONARY CAUSE IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

The following statement is extracted from an address to the Christians in India, signed by the Missionaries, Messrs. C. T. E. Rhemus, and Benhard Schmid, and dated May 3, 1830. They are under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

It is now only ten years since we arrived at Palamcottah; during which time we have endeavored, in dependence on the divine blessing, to discharge our duties towards our fellow men, by preaching, by establishing Christian schools, by preparing and circulating, in the Tamul dialect, religious tracts and the scriptures, by forming two native seminaries, (male and female,) where, besides theology, history, and geography, the elements of astronomy, and other sciences are taught. When we came, we had no congregation, except the people of our households, with a few persons of the Tanjore mission; and no Christian schools, but six or seven heathen schools, which the philanthropic exertions of the former chaplain had left for our superintendence. And now, we have 244 villages, in each of which there is a number of Christian families, formed into 64 catechists' stations; containing, in all, more than 2000 families, consisting of more than 7500 souls, instructed by 64 native catechist-teachers, or catechists; 62 Christian schools; of which 38 are taught by separate masters, and 24 by the catechists, in which 1300 children (including 112 girls) are instructed—36 native youths form a seminary from which a number have, in the course of the last six years, been employed in the congregations and schools. There are in these 244 villages at least 150 churches or prayer-houses, of different sizes and quality—a pretty large and substantial church has been erected at Moorooogenkooritchy, near the fort of Palamcottah, our mission station—seven or eight smaller substantial chapels have been erected, or are erecting, in entirely Christian villages belonging to the mission: many of the rest are old heathen temples, converted by the people into Christian prayer-houses. We have said only 150 churches, but nearly every one of the



244 villages has a separate building for prayer and instruction.

We need not particularize the gradual steps by which this increase of the Christian church has been brought about: they have been annually laid before the public, in the Madras Committee's reports, and in the Home Society's publications. This summary statement will suffice to show the fruit of the grace of God on the people in the course of ten years—small, indeed, when compared to the mass of the people that are still in heathenish darkness! but enough to rejoice and encourage our hearts, and to silence objections against the cause of missions. In fulfilment of the predictions of the word of God, they have literally cast their idols to the moles and bats, (Is. ii. 20:) they have come and said, "We will be the Lord's;" and subscribed with their hands unto the Lord, desiring to be taught in His ways, and to walk in His paths (Is. ii. 3. xlv. 5.)

#### REVIVALS.

In *Ausburgh, Ohio*.—From an interesting account of a four days' meeting, and revival, says the New York Evangelist, published in the Observer and Telegraph, we make the following extract:

This attention became more interesting during the month of March, and has been increasing to the present time. Early in April, the church resolved to hold a "four day meeting," and observed a day of fasting and prayer with special reference to this object. This day was solemn; many date from it their first serious impressions—and we cannot doubt that God smiled on his people then. The Spirit of God was already manifest. With much fear, the evening previous to the fast had been named for an inquiry meeting: ten or twelve were expected, and thirty six came,—some deeply impressed, and all more or less thoughtful. Four days after, a general notice was given for a similar meeting, and sixty came. Another week passed away, and seventy came with apparently deeper impressions. Such was our state when the four days meeting commenced. Christians were watching, and praying, and hoping. We felt it a season of awful suspense. Here were many that had been awakened for some time, and yet very few had apparently submitted to God. It was a time for agonizing prayer. Especially was this felt on Saturday, the third day of the meeting.—On this day, when the congregation divided—the anxious to take seats in the gallery, and Christians to retire for prayer—God was there. Many Christians will carry the remembrance of that hour to their graves; and many an anxious sinner, we believe, will feel its results in eternity. The prayer meetings, Saturday evening and Sabbath morning at sunrise, were of the same character—still and solemn—the interest most intense and breathless. Some Christians, whose heads are hoary with years, say they never were in such meetings for prayer. The praying soul could come near the throne, and grasp the promises, and rest the cause on God's glory and His word.

The Sabbath, the last and great day of the feast, was a day never to be forgotten. Though the people assembled between 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M. and crowded the house to the number of more than a thousand, yet it was with the utmost difficulty that all could disperse before sunset. The day was still. God was there in his still, small voice. The congregation divided as usual at the close of the regular exercises, and 147 took the anxious seat on the invitation given to such only, as had determined to seek the salvation of their souls immediately, and desired Christian advice and prayer. The scenes in the inquiry room, and in the prayer meeting, will not soon pass from our memory. Solemnity sat on every countenance; deep and fixed, as if the angel of death was there. And there was, in one assembly, the desperate struggle to enter the kingdom; in the other, the earnest interceding with God to give the powerful aid of his spirit. Among 300 or 400 in both assemblies, there was scarcely one heart that did not throb with deep anxiety for the salvation of souls—many for their own souls, many for the souls of others. There were parents praying for their children, and children begging their prayers. And when the meetings dispersed, and the two assemblies came together, the effect was overwhelming. The Searcher of hearts only knows the interest that was then felt: he only knows how many sincere prayers went up to heaven.

As to the number who submitted to God during this meeting, we can make no estimate. Time will enable us to judge better; eternity only, will fully disclose and finally decide it. But of this we are sure—it was a solemn place. It verily seemed none other than the house of God—the gate of Heaven.

In *Owego*.—A correspondent in the Episcopal Recorder, under date of May 3, writes thus:

"have just returned from Owego, where a great re-

vival of religion has commenced, and where the Lord is still carrying on his great work.

Sinners, young and old, rich and poor, are coming out from the world and enlisting under the banner of Christ, and bowing to the sceptre of Immanuel Jesus. There appears throughout the whole village a general seriousness, which pervades all classes. The merchant finds time from his business to commune with God. The Physician seeks the healing power of the Physician of the soul. The lawyer studies the law of God, and prayer and praise resound throughout the place.

This place has been noted for its impiety and wickedness, but now grace appears to abound.

The youths also who had been in the habit of drinking and carousing, card playing, &c. now meet in one of the scenes of their former dissipation, for praise and prayer. I attended a meeting at this place, at which there were 8 or 10 assembled; and truly this was a happy season for my soul. The keeper of the house joined in prayer and called aloud for mercy.

Whole families have been converted unto God—work shops, &c. In one shop, where there were seven young men who spent their leisure time in singing, dancing, carousing; now when their labor is done, they bow with one accord round the throne of grace."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### MOSLEM FUNERAL.

From the *Missionary Herald*.

Aug. 23 This afternoon our attention was arrested by the noise of a multitude passing in the road, not far from our house. The servant said it was a Moslem Funeral. I went to the road side, where I had a good view of the procession, but did not arrive until many of the people had passed. The procession consisted of men and boys, who marched without the least regard to order, all crying, with loud voices, and without intermission, "There is no other God but God—there is no other God but God. Mohammed is the prophet of God." These words were repeated incessantly, by almost every individual in the company; and with so much rapidity, that scarcely a syllable could be distinctly understood; and in a tone and manner indicating any thing but the solemnity of feelings suited to a funeral. The body was preceded by a man carrying on his head a copy of the Koran, an immensely large volume over which was thrown a loose piece of cloth, that hung down six or eight inches below the book. On the cloth was written in large Arabic characters, the sentences which the multitude were repeating. This book was, as I suppose, the one that belonged to the deceased—it was to be buried with the dead body. This man was followed at a little distance, by another bearing a large ensign of black and red stripes, on which the same sacred sentences from the Koran were inscribed. The corpse was borne by four men. It was laid, not in a coffin, but on a kind of bier, or rather upon a board, placed in a little frame, somewhat in the shape of a common bier. This was partly covered, apparently with canvass. The top was strewn with green leaves. Small green boughs were also set up at the head and the feet. The bier, though partly covered, was so far open at both ends as to leave the body, (which was closely wrapped in cloths,) exposed to view. The bearers, and indeed the whole company, walked on just as carelessly, and about as fast, as the porters whom I have seen carrying burdens in the city. I did not go to the burial, but am informed it is the custom of the Turks to bury without coffins, in graves three or four feet in depth.

From the same.

##### MOUNT LEBANON, AS BEHELD FROM THE SEA.

May 17, 1830.—Before the sun arose this morning, and before I arose, the appearance of land on the coast of Syria was announced. Mr. Bird went immediately up, and thought he could distinctly see the top of Mount Lebanon. When I arose, we were enveloped in a dense fog, which hid all distant objects from our sight. But now, at noon, the fog has disappeared, and our eyes are indeed cheered with the sight of "that goodly mountain, even Lebanon." the most desirable object I have beheld since I lost sight of America. The highest parts only of the mountains are visible, and these partly covered with snow. We are not less, probably, than 60 miles distant from the land; of course it must be very high. You will believe that the sight of the country in which we hope to find a resting place, or rather a place to sojourn, and a work to do as missionaries of the cross of Christ—a country where apostles and missionaries, now in Heaven, have preceded us in the same blessed work, has awakened a train of feelings that are more easily conceived than expressed.

18. We have through the day had a fine view of mount Lebanon, in its whole extent, and a noble pile of mountains it is. At first it appeared to our distant vision one long, unbroken, blue mountain, rising out of the sea directly before us, and extending many miles to the north and the south; its summit in several places covered with snow. But as we drew nearer, we see this apparently even surface broken up into innumerable ridges, cliffs, and glens, of endlessly various shapes and magnitudes. We are now, perhaps, twelve or fifteen miles from the land; and at this distance it appears mostly barren. Many verdant spots, however, are seen, on the sides of the hills, and in the valleys which run up and down the mountain. Many of these green sloping hills are beautifully sprinkled with white houses, villages, and convents; while here and there along the coast, at the foot of the mountain, appears a considerable town. Of these, the principal ones in sight are Gebail, and Beyroot. The latter is very distinctly visible, with its walls and mosques and flat-roofed houses, directly before us, and is surrounded, to the distance of several miles, with green trees. Mr. and Mrs. Bird have pointed out to us many places of which we have read in the journals of Messrs. Bird and Goodell, such as Gebail, Der Alma, the district of Kesroan, Hadet, (the residence of the Shidiak family,) the college of Ain Warka, where Asaad was educated, and the valley in which are Ehden and Cannobeen, the residence of the Maronite patriarch, and the place were poor Asaad, if yet alive, is imprisoned. You can form some conception of the interest with which we look at these places, but perhaps not of the grandeur and beauty of the whole diversified view before us. Mr. Bird is sketching a view of the mountains, and is so engaged in taking bearings and distances, that he could not spend time to dine. The opportunity is a very fine one, as we have little wind, and a smooth sea, and our vessel scarcely moves. Notwithstanding our desire to be on shore, we have no objection, both for his sake and our own, to being detained awhile here, where we can enjoy this delightful view. But there is one thought that continually dampens our pleasures, while viewing this interesting scenery—the thought of the deplorable moral darkness and depravity, that reign beneath it all. We sigh when we think how these beautiful and populous regions are held in willing subjection to the god of this world, through the agency of the man of sin; and that in all the mountains there is probably not a single man, (if we except Asaad Shidiak,) who truly fears God, or looks with the eye of true piety upon these works of his hand!

##### LARGE SHIPS.

We were impressed with the idea, that the oak-ribbed Leviathan in the Navy Yard of our goodly city was the largest ship (or would be) in the world. But the New York Mercantile Advertiser says that "the largest ship now in the world aforesaid is the MAHMOUD, lately built at Constantinople, and which was to have been launched early in this year. Her length is 234 feet; and her sides are four feet six inches thick. On her main deck she is to mount long brass thirty-two pounders, and on her lower deck sixty-eight pounders—besides four or more guns carrying enormous stone balls."

The largest ship recorded in ancient history was the Great Michael, built in 1503, by James the 4th of Scotland, one of the first monarchs of Christendom who turned his attention to maritime power. This Scottish ship was of the dimensions of Noah's Ark—all the workmen that could be mustered were engaged a year and a day in building her—the timber she required wasted the woods of the Kingdom of Fife, and the money she cost 30,000*l*. (in those days an enormous sum,) drained the Scottish treasury. Some writers assert that the account of this ship is fabulous, but Lindsey of Pitscottie avers that it is true; he says that the Great Michael "had 6 cannons on a side, 3 great bassils, two behind her deck and one before, 300 shot of small artillery, viz:—Mynd Falcon and battrel and quarter falcon, stings, pestilent serpens and doubleidogs, hagtor and culvering, corsbow and handbow." She was manned, adds the same authority, "with 300 mariners, 6 score gunners, 1000 men of war, forby her captain, skippers and quarter masters."

The Great Michael, was certainly for her day, the wonder of the time. The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture says:—"To give an idea of the enormous quantity of timber necessary to construct a ship of war we may observe that 2000 tons or 3000 loads, are computed to be required for a 74. Now, reckoning fifty oaks to the acre, of 100 years' standing, and the quantity in each tree to be a load and a half, it would require 40 acres of oak forest to build one seventy-four; and the quantity increases in a great ratio for the largest class of line battle ships. The average duration of these vast machines, when employed, is computed to be fourteen years.—*Philad. Gazette*."



MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, sixty teachers (forty male and twenty female,) could scarcely pick up a decent livelihood at Paris: whereas, at the present day, several thousand schools are at hand to supply intellectual demands. Forty years back, the reading population of France was estimated at seven millions; it now exceeds sixteen. In 1770, four circulating libraries were an abundance; in 1831, two hundred find ready customers. The consumption of the press, so lately as the year 1814, and, independently of periodical works, was for the whole of France about forty-six millions of sheets, (about ninety-five thousand reams;) in 1816, it exceeded fifty-five millions of sheets; in 1820, it amounted nearly to eighty-one millions, and in 1828, it had increased to more than one hundred and forty-four millions, or 300,000 reams! The reams of paper stamped for the periodical press in 1817, were 38,242; but, within three years afterwards, they had risen to 50,717 reams. In this country, the number of newspapers for 1782, was seventy-nine: in 1790, they had reached one hundred and fourteen, and in 1821, two hundred and eighty-four. The North American colonies, in the year 1720, possessed no more than seven newspapers; in 1810, the United States alone had three hundred and fifty-nine; and sixteen years subsequently, the number had increased to six hundred and forty! Though their population is but ten millions, they muster more newspapers than the whole one hundred and sixty millions on the European continent.

SKETCHES.

From the *Amulet*.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

The following is a true story, by the author of "The Diary of an Ennuyee."

There is a comfort in the strength of love,  
Making that pang endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain—or break the heart.

Wordsworth.

The monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power is, blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:

"Then the bust

And altar rise—then sink again to dust."

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock—the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home—the very stars themselves—were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylae stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—"Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—wo and everlasting infamy to him who would enthral the unconquerable spirit!" The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Seston and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pains decyphered: "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings: look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond, of thought or feeling, links his past with our present? The Arab, with his beasts of burthen, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge

rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet grey-headed who was born its cotemporary; but that rock, and the tale which concentrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the condition of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom—"What is stronger than love in a mother's heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?"

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America stretching from Guiana to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unexpected revolutions which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But until within the last twenty years these wild regions have been unknown, except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish Colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighbourhood of which San Fernando was the capital.—The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling of the true spirit of christian benevolence: in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians; when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were called Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Oro-

noco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary villas.—If I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa trees and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe,) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged them down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead.—Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled!—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her "blind obstinacy;" and as the only means of securing all three, he took measure to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

[To be continued.]





## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

## THE GRAVES OF MY PARENTS.

The rushing wind had ceased its noisy strife,  
And lulled to silence, sighed along the grove.  
My steps were bent towards the green square plat,  
Beneath whose turf the family dead reposed.  
No human being saw my lonely walk,  
Nor marked the feelings pictured in my face.  
A sacred melancholy filled my breast  
And drove the big sigh frequent thro' my heart.  
A thousand thoughts shot swift across my mind;  
And mem'ry called a thousand more to view.  
I looked for the graves, beneath whose ridge,  
My Parents' bones lay mouldering to dust;  
But scarcely could distinguish them, from the  
Contiguous mounds, that crowded close around.  
Upon their heads I kneel'd, and wet the sod,  
With many a heavy tear, expressive of  
The deep emotions of my mourning soul.  
My mother's mortal frame had long ago  
Been fed upon by the entwining worm;—  
That tender, fragile form! whose every charm  
Religion's mighty touch had highly graced.  
Long had disease lurked near her weary heart,  
And cast a pallor o'er her blighted brow,  
Before he rent the last connecting tie  
That bound to human life, and left her cold  
Upon the bed of death.

Though but a child,  
I well remember the sad winter's day,  
When the low sound of lamentation broke  
Upon my ear, and told the dismal truth:—  
With stifled sobs, the faithful servants wept,  
Fearful lest they should rouse my boyish grief—  
Afflict still more my sorrow-stricken father.  
I saw the coffin carried from the door:—  
A long procession;—neighbours and sad friends,  
And weeping relatives did slowly follow.  
The history of these scenes is written deep,  
In fadeless colours, and they are as bright  
As if they had but happened yesterday.

I love to look, thro' the past walks of life,  
And note how mercy has protected me,  
In ev'ry changeful stage. The guardian kind,  
Of infant feebleness was called away,  
Before I felt her need, or knew her worth.  
I was an orphan young. My mother first  
Was laid in the dark tomb, and then, my father.  
In manhood's prime, death marked him for his prey  
And made him lifeless, ere the bloom of health  
Had left his polished cheek. Thou dreadful one!  
Could not a single parent have been spared  
To watch my youth, and guide my infant mind  
In the pursuit of virtue, peace, and truth?  
Still, though thou didst destroy my dearest friends,  
I was not left a friendless, hopeless wretch.  
God, infinitely good, his care vouchsafed,  
And gave me Parents in the place of those  
Death took away; although I oft have wished  
That they had lived, to feel my strong affections  
Twine closely round their care-worn, aged forms,  
And lift them up above the ills of life,  
As woodbines brace the drooping, dying elm  
And keep it long from sinking to decay.  
Yet, I have not repined, or murmured loud  
Against the just, though painful dispensation,  
Of the Almighty Judge, who is not pleased  
For trivial cause to blight the joy of man.

I early learn'd the principles of truth  
Revealed in the Holy Book of God,  
And the Good Spirit, ever prompt to bless  
Fair virtue's cause, stamped them with force upon  
My youthful heart,—discovered the black stain,  
That sin has left upon the natural,  
The wayward heart, and led me to the cross,  
To sue for pardon, holiness and rest.  
To it I fled; and Christ in mercy heard

The pleadings of my sinful, contrite soul,  
And gave relief. My course, though devious oft  
Since that bright day, has many times been cheered  
By the blest rays that light the Christian's course.  
Jesus is still my joy—my only hope!  
Earth, in the abstract, has no charms for me;  
But when considered as the work of God,  
I do admire and love it for his sake.  
I am no cynic, fretting in despair  
At the dark woes of life. My pathway winds  
Thro' plenty's ample field, where flowers and fruit  
In rich abundance grow, and I can pluck,  
As nature or as longing fancy craves.

That spot of earth, o'ercovering many dead,  
Is consecrate to holy meditation.  
There lie commingled in promiscuous heaps,  
The aged grand-sire and his numerous race,  
Resting in silence, till the day of doom.  
This is the common lot of Adam's sons,  
And no one can escape the general curse,  
"From dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."  
How careful should we be to live aright—  
Obey the precepts of our risen Lord!  
His grace is always able to sustain  
The languid spirit, and give richest joy  
Even when Earth is sinking from our view,  
And dread Eternity, with all its vast  
And ever-during scenes, comes rushing up  
Before our wondering, but joyous souls.  
Religion is the kindest friend of man  
In every walk of life: she only can  
Light up the gloom, that darkens round death's vale.  
She will not leave him there, but will conduct  
Him to the bright abode of bliss eternal.  
I then will follow Thee, Thou glorious guide!  
Oh! lead me where the Saviour spreads his feast,  
Where the green pastures shall forever grow,  
And the still waters flow with constant tide!  
My weary pilgrimage may soon be o'er,  
And then another hillock may arise  
Near those I late embraced, and tell the eye  
Of ev'ry passing traveller, another—  
Another man rests calmly 'neath the sod.  
Then, should some kind surviving friend erect  
A humble monumental stone,—a mark  
Of love, commemorative of my name,  
Though worthless it has been, oh, let the words  
Be plainly, deeply graven:—a "sinner,  
Redeem'd by grace," and rescued from the death  
By Jesus' blood.

Flow not so fast my tears!  
My heart is full; I cannot half express  
The gratitude I feel to God, my King;—  
He gave me friends, in need, of truest mould.  
Thou Great Eternal God! Accept the praise  
Of a deep loving heart: though still unclean's'd,  
From all indwelling sin, may it be cleans'd  
And made reflective of thy image bright—  
The seat of every grace, before I'm called  
To thy dread Bar. Ye guardians of my youth,  
Accept the tribute of a grateful heart.  
God! Bless the dear man and woman, who did take  
Me to their home, a little orphan boy,  
And reared me up to manhood. When the last  
Of all Earth's sinful ones shall hear his doom,  
Pronounced by the Judge of quick and dead,  
And the last blaze of Earth's consuming pile  
Is lost forever in Hell's cheerless gloom,  
May you then rise above the awful scene  
To Heaven's bright throne, forever there to dwell!  
Oh, may we all meet in the land of rest,  
And live forever in the smiles of God!

MELVILLE.

## SERVICE-BERRY SPIRIT.

The highly ornamented tree, the *pyrus aucuparia*, or mountain ash, affords clusters of scarlet-red berries, which have a remarkable acerb and bitterish taste.—Yet they resemble the grape in containing sugar and natural yeast, in the due proportions to produce a perfect and spontaneous fermentation. Having expressed a quantity of their juice, I left it to ferment; and when the wine was perfect it was distilled, and an excellent brandy was obtained. The quantity of brandy afforded by the berries cannot now be certainly ascertained; but I am almost sure, that one gallon of the juice produced half a pint of spirit, which was moderately strong. It is very probable that the service tree might become a very valuable one, if all the properties were known.—It is a beautiful tree; its timber is valuable; and its berries, besides being beautiful, are capable of affording an excellent brandy.

[Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. iii.]

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Remittances and payments, in advance, received during the past week and thankfully acknowledged by the publisher, from the following persons, viz:—

Jeremiah Cook, Henry Horn. By Lewis Houser, \$10, as follows: for himself, Henry Whetstone, Mark Howard, and John R. Murphy. Haas Jones, \$5, for himself and Seldon J. Delamar. Rev. Thomas Moore, Rev. W. H. Comanns. By the Rev. John S. Westwood, \$5, for John Seldon, and John S. Hodges. Capt. D. Armistead, Rev. Dr. John French. A. Kyle, \$5, for two copies.—By R. Blount, \$10, for himself, Harper Tucker, Rev. A. B. Lucas, and Maj. Philip Cook, Joseph H. Boulton. Thomas Spragen, \$5, for himself, and David Spiker.—By the Rev. Thomas Gardner, \$7 50, for himself, William Holliday, and the Rev. Charles Williamson. Miss Mary Bartine, Rev. Dr. Thomas Dunn, Owen Elder.—Rev. C. Williamson, \$2 50, for Books. Mrs. Emmerson, \$1 63, for Books.

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W. S. Stockton, 2, J. Ficklin, James Grant, 2, Rev'd D. Zollicoffer, Peaslee & Cowperthwait, David Ayres, John Harrod, Lewis Houser, Haas Jones, Dr. J. D. Emory, Aaron G. Brewer, R. Blount, Joseph J. Borden, Alexander Wishart, Thos. Jacobs, John Womble, (the box has been sent per steam-boat Norfolk.) A. Kyle, Rev. Thomas Gardner, (we return our thanks to you for your politeness.) George Fetter, Thomas Spragen, (we are very much obliged to you for your politeness in sending the list of subscribers,) Richard Ridgely.

Books have been forwarded since the last number, to the following persons, viz:

John Harrod, 2 packages, care of R. Cruikshank, Georgetown, D. C. Rev. Wm. Kesley, one package, Rev. Eli Henkle, one package.

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